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Title: Halimath's Pride

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Halimath was a smith who  
had transcended all  
boundaries of metalworking  
in his craft. A true  
master with the hammer  
and tongs, each piece of  
precious metal commanded  
his complete attention,  
each blow of the hammer  
comprised his entire  
world. His creations  
were truly marvelous and  
inspired such awe in  
others. With each  
passing year, his skill  
grew ever greater. Elves  
traveled the world over  
to see his works of art.

Centuries passed and  
the grey elf decided that  
his life's work should  
culminate in the creation  
of one truly magnificent  
artifact-preferably a  
sword- to be wielded in  
the cause of good. He  
had no doubts about his  
skill, and he had the  
costly metals and gems  
with which to make and  
ornament this sword.  
But the grey elves had  
banned of any more  
weapons of power. They  
wanted no reminder of  
the Elfwar or the  
Fractioning, and they  
forbade Halimath to make  
such a sword.

The elf would neither  
listen nor obey; breaking  
the laws of his land was  
but a small price to pay  
for the glory of the  
magic he would wrought.  
Thus commenced  
Halimath's destruction.

The rituals the elf sought  
to enchant the blade  
were dark and arcane,  
their powers hardly more  
than he could contain.  
Halimath continued without  
regard, believing that the  
creation of the Sword of  
Justice would atone for  
any evils he committed  
while creating it.  
The first spell he cast  
almost cost him his life,  
so strong were the  
magicks within it. This  
spell ensured to the  
wielder of the blade for  
as long as the Sword  
was held. A second spell  
enchanted the weapon so  
that it could only be  
used on the side of  
goodness, and the third  
ensured the Sword would  
strike down the foes of  
the wielder with but a  
single blow.

Rumors of Halimath's  
transgressions reached  
the ears of the grey elf  
elders. The wisest and  
most just of them,  
Andriana, confronted  
Halimath and demanded  
the truth. To her folly,  
she held up the Sword to  
emphasize her point. The  
master smith flew into  
an insane rage at his  
creation being so touched.  
His massive fist struck  
the frail elf woman, and  
she crumpled to the  
floor. Blood splattered  
across the blade in  
Andriana's hands and  
stained the carpet  
beneath her still-breathing  
form. Halimath stared  
down at the woman in  
horror, his senses  
returning to him in the  
cold light of what he had  
done. He knew the other  
elders would never allow  
him to finish the Sword  
of Justice, and that

thought alone consumed  
him. He grabbed the  
Sword and fled. Shortly  
after, the grey elf elders  
discovered  
Halimath's misdeeds.  
Though Andrianna lived,  
the elders swore the  
blood oath against  
Halimath. They hounded  
the elf day and night  
until they finally cornered  
him; though bruised in  
body and spirit, he was  
still unrepentant.  
Halimath let out a great  
cry and raised the Sword  
of Justice in defiance  
against the elves who  
harried him. He leaped  
to attack, but the blade  
crumbled to dust in his  
hands. When the arrows  
pierced his body, Halimath  
fell dead.

Moral: Obsession destroys  
everything.